

OXFORD OBSERVER.

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BY WILLIAM E. GOODNOW AND WILLIAM P. PHELPS.

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THE REFLECTOR.

MORAL BEAUTY.

All the beauties of Nature and Art are so many sources of delight; and the degree of delight derived from them, depends upon our natural sensibility, our intellectual and moral improvement. To possess a correct and delicate taste in order to enjoy even these beauties more highly, and to apply the plastic hand of improvement, is of great importance to individual and social happiness. The state of a person must be far from enviable, who can view with indifference the objects around him, whether these objects be in themselves agreeable or disagreeable. The extended plain, the rising hill, the verdant interval, the flowing stream, and the waveless lake, delight the eye, and diffuse a sweet tranquillity through the soul of each admiring beholder. The fruitful fields gently waving in the breeze, and promising a plentiful harvest; the neat though humble cottage, the abode of virtue and contentment, the lowing herds, the bleating flocks, and the softened melody of the grove, add variety and beauty to the landscape.

When the hum of business subsides, and the shades of evening prevail, we have only to take a walk with the pious Psalmist, and other beauties meet the eye. Who can behold without agreeable emotions, the starry firmament, shedding its twinkling rays upon a world hushed to repose? Those heavenly orbs pursue their course with order and harmony, obedient to the laws, and declaring the glory of their great Creator. This immeasurable expanse stretched abroad like a curtain, and garnished with beauty, must be viewed with deep and pious emotions, unless the heart be utterly destitute of religious feeling.

The beauties of Nature may not weary us by a constant repetition of the same impressions, they exist in almost an endless variety. When the shades of night the season of repose and meditation, retire, behold, the morning sun comes forth from the chambers of the East, rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, combining the beauties of figure, brilliancy, movement and effect. Old ocean sheeted with his brightness; the towering hills lifting their lofty summits into the regions of light; the very dew drops, reflecting his lovely image; all Nature greets his return with her numberless expressions of joy. Summer and winter, seed time and harvest, morning and evening, each in their turn feast the eye and delight the heart with those beauties, which the god of nature spreads around us in rich profusion.

Nature, also, as if to increase the variety, and to awaken the stronger passions of the soul, occasionally presents some other of her bolder strokes, that we may gaze at her works of grandeur and sublimity. The meandering stream winds its silent course through the meads widening and deepening its channel as it goes, and spreading fertility over the contiguous vales, until we have been feasted with the beauty of the object. At length, the accumulated waters, compressed within their channel, rush down a stupendous precipice, and present a scene of grandeur that bids defiance to description.

While calmness sits enthroned upon the gently moving cloud, it is viewed with emotions of delight; but when it assumes a dark and threatening aspect, and hurls forth a tempest, the scene becomes sublime. We start at the corruscations of light and shudder, as at the voice of the seven thunders.

While the mariner spreads his canvass to the gentle breeze, his joyous heart is filled with agreeable emotions. He anticipates a speedy and safe arrival at the destined port; but if, when the sun has sunk beneath the western wave, the elements mingle in wild confusion, so that neither rudder, nor cable, nor compass, is of further use, how altered is the scene! With what consternation does he cling to the wreck! and if a merciful Providence save him from a watery grave what shall efface from his recollection the deep impressions of that awful scene? These are some of the works of Nature's God; and the person who is proof against such displays of divine power and goodness, "must have neither eye, nor ear, nor passion, nor imagination, nor understanding."

Artificial beauties are pleasing only when they appear natural. Nature furnishes the models, Art imitates. The works of Nature are wonderfully diversified, and to copy them faithfully, requires taste, judgment and experience. Here is a field of boundless extent for improvement and entertainment, as opportunity, inclination, and means may admit. Here it is, that the man of science, other things being equal, has great advantage. He looks more minutely into the operations of Nature, relishes her beauties more highly, and with more discrimination compares each with the original. He, too, can better

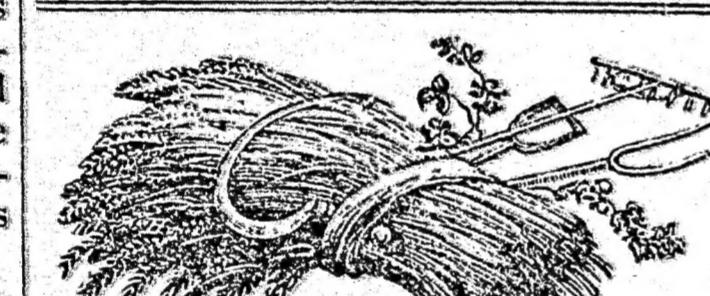
appreciate works of skill, from a knowledge of the slow and tedious steps, by which the summit of excellence is gained.

Every man, it is true, is allowed to be the best judge of whatever belongs to his own particular province; and although the scientific man may not have so much practical experience in many departments of knowledge as some others, yet understanding the general principles, he is better prepared to examine and enjoy the whole.

As the agreeable emotions arising from the beauties of Art, whether for ornament or use, administer much to our enjoyment, education is of high importance, both as a source of happiness, and a qualification for usefulness. The sciences and the arts have contributed largely to the support, and comfort, and ornament of society. Their greatest enemy is ignorance. It would have been well, however, if they had never been productive of evil. The Fine Arts, particularly, have been injurious to morals, but it was only when they were diverted from their legitimate purpose. What is there, however good and useful in itself that has not been abused? If the licentious painter and poet have prostituted their talents, let indignant virtue pronounce sentence upon the guilty, where it belongs; not upon the numbers and rhyme of one, nor upon the pencil and colors of the other.

Nothing of all the works of Nature and Art is proof against the effects of time. The heavens and the earth are hastening to that destined period. The hand of the artist shall lose its cunning; his chisel and block of marble shall corrode and crumble; and every monument of taste and genius shall sink into oblivion. When age or disease shall impair those organs, by which we derive enjoyment from surrounding objects; when death shall close every avenue of sensual delight, where shall we look for happiness? Where, but in those things, over which age and sickness, and death have no power? These are the things, therefore, which, above all others, should engage the attention. Natural and artificial beauty soon passeth away; but moral beauty is eternal. How important is the prayer of the Psalmist: Let the beauty of the Lord, our God, be upon us.

AGRICULTURE.



ON THE HORSE AND OX.

BY PRESIDENT MADISON.

I cannot but consider it is an error in our husbandry, that oxen are too little used in place of horses.

Every fair comparison of the expense of the two animals, favors a preference of the ox. But, the circumstance particularly recommending him, is that he can be supported when at work, by grass and hay; whilst the horse requires grain, and much of it; and the grain generally given him is Indian corn, the crop which requires most labor, and greatly exhausts the land.

From the best estimates I have been enabled to form, more than one half of the corn crop is consumed by horses, including the ungrown ones; and not less than one half, by other than pleasure horses. By getting free from this consumption, one half of the labor and of the wear of the land would be saved, or rather more than one half! For on most farms, one half of the crop of corn grows on not more than two fifths, and sometimes a smaller proportion of the cultivated fields; and the more fertile fields would of course be retained for cultivation. Every one can figure to himself the ease and convenience of a revolution, which would so much reduce the extent of his cornfields: and substitute for the labor bestowed on them, the more easy task of providing pasture for the horse.

A more important calculation is—whether in many situations the general saving by substituting the ox for the horse would not balance the expense of hiring the carriage of the produce to market. In the same scale with the hire, is to be put the value of the grass and hay consumed by the oxen; and in the other scale, the value of the corn, amounting to one half of the crop, and of the grass and hay consumed by the horses. Where the market is not distant, the value of the corn would certainly pay for the carriage of the market portion of the crop, and balance moreover, any difference between the value of the grass and hay consumed by oxen, and the value of the oxen when slaughtered for beef. In all these calculations, it is doubtless proper not to lose sight of the rule, that farmers ought to avoid paying others for doing what they can do for themselves. But the rule has its exceptions; and the error, if it be committed, will lie not in departing from the rule, but in not selecting aright the cases which call for the departure. It may be remarked, that the rule ought to be more or less general, as there may be, or may not be

at hand, a market by which every producer

in our cornfields. 4. That he is slower in his movements. 5. That he is less fit for carrying the produce of the farm to market.

The first objection is certainly founded in mistake. Of the two animals, the ox is the most docile. In all countries where the ox is the ordinary draught animal, his docility is proverbial. His intractability, where it exists, has arisen from an occasional use of him only with long and irregular intervals; during which, the habit of discipline being broken, a new one is to be formed.

The second objection has but as little foundation. The constitution of the ox accommodates itself, as readily as that of the horse, to different climates. Not only in ancient Greece and Italy, but throughout Asia, as presented to us in ancient history, the ox and the plough are associated. At this day, in the warm parts of India and China, the ox, not the horse, is in the draught service. In every part of India, the ox always appears, even in the train of her armies. And in the hottest parts of the West Indies, the ox is employed in hauling the weighty produce to the sea ports. The mistake here, as in the former case, has arisen from the effect of occasional employment only, with no other than green food. The fermentation of this in the animal heated by the weather, and fretted by discipline, will readily account for his sinking under his exertions;—when green food even, much less dry, with a sober habit of labor, would have no such tendency.

The third objection also, is not a solid one. The ox can, by a proper harness, be used singly as well as the horse, between the rows of Indian corn; and equally so used for other purposes.—Experience may be safely appealed to on this point.

In the fourth place, it is alledged that he is slower in his movements. This is true; but in a less degree than is often taken for granted. Oxen that are well chosen for their form, are not worked after the age of about eight years, (the age at which they are best fitted for beef,) are not worked too many together, and are suitably matched, may be kept to nearly as quick a step as the horse. May I not say, a step quicker than that of many horses we see at work, who, on account of their age or the leanness occasioned by the costliness of the food they require, lose the advantage where they might have once had it.

The last objection has most weight. The ox is not so well adapted as the horse to the road service, especially for long trips. In common roads, which are often soft, and sometimes suddenly become so, the form of his foot and the shortness of his leg, are disadvantages; and on roads frozen or turnpiked, the roughness of the surface in the former case, and its harshness in both cases, are inconvenient to his cloven foot.—

But where the distance to market is not great, where the varying state of the roads and of the weather, can be consulted; and where the road service is in less proportion to the farm service, the objection is almost deprived of its weight.

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The due of labor is convertible into money. In the old countries, this is much more the case than in new; and in new, much more the case near towns, than at a distance from them. In this, as in most other parts of our country, a change of circumstances is taking place, which renders every thing raised on a farm more convertible into money than formerly; and as the change proceeds, it will be more and more a point for consideration, how far the labor in doing what might be bought, could earn more in another way, than the amount of the purchase.

Still it will always be prudent, for reasons which every experienced farmer will understand, to lean to the side of doing rather than hiring or buying what may be wanted.

The mule seems to be in point of economy, between the ox and the horse, preferable to the latter, and inferior to the former; but so well adapted to particular services, that he may find a proper place on many farms. He is liable to the objection which weighs most against the ox. He is less fitted than the horse for road service.

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AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

Farmers have yet something to learn.—Let it not be imagined there is nothing more to be learned in the arts of life.—No obstacle to the march of mind, is more insurmountable than the conceit that we are wise enough. It closes the eye of inquiry, and shuts out the light of knowledge. According to the received chronology, this world is about six thousand years old. Yet it was more than four thousand years before it was known how to make a good plough.—Cincinnatus talked with as much complacency as we do of "the good old way," when he was fallowing his land with the limb of a tree for his plough beam, and a knot to it for his coulter and share; and the patriarchs when they were grinding corn with pestles.

How long since you learned the art of printing—and a thousand other arts? How long since you found out the value of the potatoe? Since you naturalized Dutch clover? Depend upon it, gentlemen, there is a better way than now in use, in every art of field husbandry, and in every operation of mechanics. Think you that in this immense repository in which we live, you have explored the whole of its contents; or any part. The recent discoveries and improvements in the arts and sciences show, that even now, in this age of late and fancied maturity, knowledge is in the pupilage. I would excite you therefore, to a thinking cultivation of your lands; to attentive and nice observation.

Push your inquiries to the extent of your capacity, and your experiments as far as prudent economy will permit; and make no other use of the "good old way," which is often circuitous and often bad, than to keep along in it, until you find a better."—Address of Isaac C. Bates, Esq.

MISCELLANY.

From the New England Farmer.

SINGULAR FACTS.

Some few years since, a young gentleman of Massachusetts, Mr. S., then a student at College, happened in company with a young lady; the consequence was a mutual affection took place.

Each was conscious of the deep rooted passion, but neither knew the sentiments or affection of the other. Mr. S.—being at that time under no circumstances to marry, thought not proper to pursue his inclination, or reveal his affection to the lady. She, on her part, not imagining that Mr. S.—had an affection corresponding to that of her's and not expecting ever to be addressed by him, was courted by Mr. B.—, and shortly afterwards engaged to marry him. They were published, and the time for marriage appointed.

The lady happened to have her nuptial suit making near where Mr. S.—was—he fell in company with her again, and understanding that she was on the point of marriage, let her know, that it had been his design ever since his first acquaintance with her, to offer himself to her in marriage, as soon as his circumstances would admit. She asked him whether he was sincere in what he said—he assured her he was, and that he had an affection for her from the first time he saw her, which, instead of being lessened by time, was increased.—Hereupon she frankly owned to him, that from that time she had to the present moment an affection for him, and that had she known that he had a similar one for her, she never should have admitted the addresses of Mr. B.—, much less have made him a promise of marriage. But what could they do?—The day appointed for the marriage ceremony was near at hand. All was consternation. However, on consultation, they agreed that Mr. S.—should go and state the affair to the father of the lady. He rode with the speed of a post, found the old gentleman at home,

and opened the case to him without delay. He had scarcely ended when Mr. B.—entered the house. After compliments, the old gentleman informed Mr. B.—of the errand of Mr. S.—. Upon which, they both requested the old gentleman's advice in the matter. He told them the case was new, unexpected, and surprising to him; he knew not what to say; that at present he could give no other advice than that they should both go to his daughter, and that they should there endeavor to settle the matter amicably among themselves.—

The young gentlemen then set out together to visit the lady, on this all important business. The one could, with propriety, claim by solemn promise, the other by previous affection. On the whole, they agreed that Mr. B.—should visit her first, and that Mr. S.—should come at a time agreed. The reader is left to judge of the anxiety in the minds of Mr. B.— and the lady at their interview, and of Mr. S.— in his absence, when minutes moved on with the pace of a snail. Mr. S.—waited impatiently for the appointed moment, and then attended. The lady told Mr. B.—that as she had proceeded so far, if he insisted on her being married to him, she should not refuse: But at the same time told him, that Mr. S.—had a greater share in her affections than he had. Mr. B.—had more good sense than to insist on her giving him her hand when Mr. S.—had her heart. Mr. B.—returned home and shook off the effects of the disappointment. Mr. S.—married the lady and lived happily. But mark the sequel—Mr. B.— and the sister of Mr. S.— being on a distant visit, chanced to meet, began an acquaintance which issued in their marriage. They all lived in perfect harmony—and Mr. B.—in his humor, often said, that he had a wife as much better than the other, as she had a husband better than himself.

In the lakes of the valley of Mexico wild geese are seldom seen, though ducks, snipes, and bitterns are found there in prodigious numbers. I have frequently shot 20 or 30 snipes in a morning, and a great *tire de patos*, near Mexico, is one of the most curious scenes that is possible to witness. The Indians, by whom it is principally conducted, prepare a battery, composed of 70 or 80 musket-barrels, arranged in two rows, one of which sweeps the water, while the other is a little elevated, so as to take the ducks as they rise upon the wing. The barrels are connected with each other, and fired by a train; but the whole apparatus, as well as the man who has charge of it, are concealed in the rushes, until the moment when, after many hours of cautious labor, one of the dense columns of ducks, which blacken, at times, the surface of the lake, is driven by the distant canoes of his associates sufficiently near the fatal spot. The double tier of guns is immediately fired, and the water remains strewed with the bodies of the killed and wounded, whose escape is cut off by the circle of canoes beyond. Twelve hundred ducks are often brought in as the result of a single fire, and during the whole season they form the ordinary food of the lower classes in the capital, where they are sold for one, or at most two reals each.—*Ward's Mexico.*

"Tuck in your ruffle, Thomas,—we have a few nails to make," said a blacksmith to his son, as he came from school at 12 o'clock. Thomas tucked in his ruffle, and took off his coat, and was a blacksmith till he had earned his dinner, and then ate it with a good relish. "Put out your ruffle, Thomas, it is school time now," said the father. This is the picture of one day; but it would answer just as well for a good many others. Thomas expected it; and felt as happy at the anvil with his ruffle tucked in, as his mates at their play.

It would be no bad notion, "in these hard times," for many a young man to *tuck in his ruffle*, and swing an axe, or hold a plough, or make a nail—for many a young man, whose expectations of riches from the gains of trade are sadly disappointed, to earn a living in some calling which the world *honors* less but *pays* better,—some humble occupation, which, while it holds out no *delusive* hope of immense wealth by a single speculation, assures him of competent food and raiment.

We would here recommend Agriculture in a special manner. Not such farming as consists, in first running in debt for lands and mortgaging them back for payment, then borrowing money to put up fine buildings, and then hiring men to carry on the farm. No! this is not the way. But lay your own shoulder to the wheel—*tuck in your ruffle*, and earn your bread, by the sweat of your brow. It will be the sweetest you ever ate.

OLD EXPERIENCE.

Whatever you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers be your heirs.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

ture, and which embraces the equal rights of the whole people? If it is, such a combination forms the grossest insult, and burlesque, upon the name of Republicanism. Is it then, only a sort of *cavil word*, invented merely to assist demagogues, and party politicians, in elevating themselves into public offices? If so, then indeed, may our blustering Politicians, with propriety boast of their pre-eminent rights and title to the apportionment. But will these arrogant dictators, and public managers, of the people, seek to found their mad pretensions on other principles, or to justify them by other precedents, than those which I have assigned? We all know, that the Republic of Rome, did on certain occasions, of great public danger and alarm, create supreme dictators; yet these officers received their great and terrible authority, from the Roman Senate, and exercised it only for short and definite periods. But who created Duff Green, and his coadjutors, of the Central Committee, *supreme dictators of the United States of America?* And when will their dreadful authority come to an end? The Parliament of Great Britain, did also, in the days of its "political reform" after it had been thoroughly purged, by a removal of all its most faithful and efficient officers, create Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England; but who created Mr. Nathaniel Mitchell, and his little knot of "genuines," in Portland, the political Guardians of the State of Maine?—Brutus and Collatinus, we are informed, were by a decree of the people, debarred to be public Consuls; but who made the young Gentlemen, on Paris Hill, the conservators of liberty for the County of Oxford? When will the powers, of all these popular despots cease; and the People be restored to the free exercise of their constitutional rights? One would think that these self-created Dictators, would be compelled to laugh at their own conceit and arrogance; in attempting to assume such great and unwarrantable authority over a free and intelligent people; and perhaps they would so, were they not kept in countenance, by the numerous grades of petty-dictators, by whom they are surrounded. But will the independent freemen of the United States "crouch down like the strong ass, and tamely submit to their dictation?" Will the sturdy yeomen of Maine, be driven to the polls, as the passive slaves of the south are driven to the Plantations of their respective masters? These are now the great questions at issue. And on their decision rests the security and permanency of all our political institutions. The present is certainly an interesting juncture, in our political history. Under the deceptive guise of "genuine republicanism" the most powerful menaces, and the most artful stratagems are both employed, to subvert the rights and liberties of the people. Now in an especial manner, and in a political sense, ought the people to regard the injunction of inspiration—"Fear not the roaring of the Lion, nor be ye ignorant of his devices."

JEFFERSON.

[From the Portsmouth Ohio Times.]

MR. MCLEAN AND THE POSTOFFICE.

The evidences of a strong and decided dissatisfaction on the part of the candid and reflecting part of the community, of the indiscriminate removal of the public officers by Gen. Jackson and his cabinet, are increasing daily; and furnish proof conclusive, that the present administration will be limited for its support to that desperate class of politicians who can estimate nothing to be "reform" but that which overthrows and tramples under foot every principle of our government and institutions, that is valuable or worth preserving. The late Postmaster General whose support of Gen. Jackson was the boast of his partisans, and contributed, perhaps, more effectually to promote his elevation than any other man in the country, does not hesitate to declare in the most decided terms, his chagrin and disappointment at the unexampled proceedings of the cabinet. Every honest man will echo the sentiment contained in the letter below, that "I have no confidence in the principles of any officer who does not make the public interest his first and last consideration."

Delinquent Post Masters.

Every Post Master ought to know that when a newspaper, sent to his office, is not taken out by the person to whom it is directed, it becomes his duty to give immediate notice to the Publisher. In two or three instances Post Masters have suffered our papers to lie in their offices more than 6 months before giving notice. In writing to the Department at Washington to know the remedy for such delinquencies, we choose not to report the names of the delinquents. The following is from the answer just received.

Please give them notice that if the evil recurs they will be reported to the Department, provided you are willing, in that event, to report them.

Mr. Arthur Wall, who is in his 109th year, having been particularly invited to attend the celebration of the 4th of July, at Raleigh, N. C. excused himself on account of being "busy with his crop;" but said he would send one of his boys, a lad of 82, with his toast.

the community, and in some instances have the effect to bolster up a reputation that was before doubtful.

PORTSMOUTH, July 28, 1829.
To the Editor of the Western Times:

SIR—Having been dismissed from the Postoffice in this place, without notice from the Postoffice Department of charges preferred against me, and certain reports prejudicial to my reputation having been put in circulation, I think it due to myself and the public, to transmit the enclosed letter from the late Postmaster General, to you for publication, in vindication of my character. You will have the goodness therefore to publish the same and oblige,

JOHN TURNER.

CINCINNATI, 30th April, 1829.

DEAR SIR—I regret to see evidence of a more general change of officers than I supposed could take place. On this subject, my opinion remains the same that it was, under the late Administration. Your duties have been faithfully performed, and you have not, I am sure used the facilities of your office, to produce a political effect. If resting on such ground does not ensure your continuance in office, a private station is the post of honor. I hope you will not be molested. It might be well to address a letter to the Postmaster General, stating, frankly, what your course has been and ask of him the justice, to inform you if any representation should be made, charging you with improper conduct.

I have no confidence in the principles of any officer who does not make the public interest his first and last consideration.

My recent change of position, I have no doubt, in every point of view, was judicious. I now am not involved in the responsibilities of others, and I have done enough, in a political point of view to show my principles of action. I would write to the Postmaster General in your behalf but cannot believe it necessary, and there are some considerations which would render the step injudicious unless it were indispensably necessary.

I advise you, by all means, not to resign. Remain at your post, and continue faithfully to discharge your duties.

With very great respect,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN MCLEAN.

J. R. TURNER, Portsmouth, O.

Post-Master at Utica.—We have waited long, anxiously hoping to see some excuse for this outrage upon the privileges of American freemen; but we can meet with nothing which attempts to palliate the removal. When Mr. Platt the Post master at Utica, was punished, a town meeting was held, and a committee was appointed to inquire of Mr. Barry whether any allegations were made against Mr. Platt. The following was the reply:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, {
8th June, 1829.

Gentlemen: I had the honor to receive your communication of the 3rd instant, and have the pleasure to state, in answer, that no charges affecting the moral character of Mr. Platt have been preferred against him; and that his personal standing is unimpeached at this Department.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect,
Your obedient humble servant,
W. T. BARRY.

CHARLES P. KIRKLAND, Esq.
E. BACON, Esq. and others.

Here punishment for opinion's sake is indirectly avowed. Mr. Platt had no charges against him; he was no defaulter; but the deadly sin of opposing Jackson rested on his head. Mr. M^{rs} Postmaster General whose support of Gen. Jackson was the boast of his partisans, and contributed, perhaps, more effectually to promote his elevation than any other man in the country, does not hesitate to declare in the most decided terms, his chagrin and disappointment at the unexampled proceedings of the cabinet. Every honest man will echo the sentiment contained in the letter below, that "I have no confidence in the principles of any officer who does not make the public interest his first and last consideration."

Who will dare to pretend that an indiscriminate removal of the most faithful and intelligent officers of the government, was dictated by a regard for the public interest? Who ever heard, until the present REIGN OF TERROR of men being hurled from office without a solitary charge against them—or an opportunity to answer the accusation if any were made? Is the exercise of opinion a crime? And has it come to this, that indignation and anguish must be visited upon every man who has dared to think for himself? That men daring to think and speak, must be driven from their posts of honor and duty, in disgrace? No, not in disgrace—there is no disgrace in being turned out of office now! It is rather an honor in the estimation of honest men. And this perhaps is one of the most serious evils, attending to the present system of removals. Men will no longer be held to a conscientious discharge of duty by fear of the disgrace of a removal—so far from it the very act of turning out will be sufficient to call forth the sympathies of

INFORMATION WANTED.

If Mary Bolter, the wife of Benjamin Bolter, formerly Mary Allen, who lived two years in Greene, Chenango county, between twenty-five and thirty years ago, is now living, she is requested to give notice thereof, to *Orson Garnsey*, of Rochester N. Y. by letter or otherwise. This information is wanted by Betsey Garnsey, the daughter of said Mary Bolter, who will be happy to see or hear from her mother if she is still living. If any one knows of her death, they are requested to give notice as above.

Printers in the U. States are requested to insert the above.

The Concord, N. H. Statesman says that a son of Dr. Renton, of that town, 6 or 7 years old, having rode a fine horse to water, was thrown into the path before the horse, by his stopping suddenly to turn in at a gate, having returned at full speed. The large house dog, seeing the boy's danger, seized the bridle by springing up, and held him till the boy could move out of the way.

Bronchotomy.—The windpipe of a child 10 months old, in Fryeburg, who had been strangled with a piece of meat, was opened lately by Dr. Burrows, of that town, and the obstruction removed. This is the second instance of his having saved life by the same operation.—The child appeared to be nearly dead when the operation commenced—about 30 minutes after the accident.

Christian Intelligencer.

MELANCHOLY EVENT. We learn that the dwelling house of Mr. Abner Haskell, of Troy, occupied by him and Mr. Norton, was entirely consumed on Tuesday night last, with all its contents. A child of Mr. Norton, aged 4 years was burnt in it. The fire probably originated from ashes being placed in a wooden cask.—*Keene Sentinel.*

One hundred and thirty-seven Swiss passengers arrived in New York week before last. They have \$100,000 in gold which they intend to lay out in the interior for land.

A reward of five dollars, is offered by a gentleman of Newburg, N. Y. to the Lady who will wear the smallest hat in church for the next 6 months.

A French paper states that a patent has been taken out in Paris for a new coach, with one wheel only, capable of accommodating 30 or 40 passengers.

The public are cautioned by the Boston Patriot, against receiving \$10 bills of the U. S. Bank, payable in Charlestown, without strict examination, as one or more counterfeit bills of this description have been passed in Boston.—*Ib.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
We have received a communication signed "A YEOMAN"—it shall appear soon.

"HELENA'S" lines on Sumner have been received, and shall have a hearing.

MARRIED.
In Fryeburg, on the 28th ult. by Rev. B. Murray, Rev. Henry Hawkins to Miss HANAN STEVENS.

In Lowell, July 28th, by Rev. V. Little, Benjamin WYNAN, Esq. to Mrs. ELIZA W. OSGOOD, daughter of Capt. John Wood, of Fryeburg.

DIED.
In New-York, Wm Coleman, Esq. Senior Editor of the Evening Post.

SILK GOODS.

RICH India Satins, a great variety of Shades; Heavy Blk. Satin Levantines—Turk Satins; Gro de Fin—Gro de Nap—Gro de Burlins of various shades—strip'd and fig'd Silks—blk Sincachs and Sarsnets; Green Sarsnets—col'd Florencs; blk silk Hdk's; blk Canton and Italian Crapes; Crapse Dreses, &c. &c. &c. all very cheap by THOMAS O. BRADLEY.

Portland, July 28.

12 19 7 1 53 23 49 3

WERE the drawn ballots in the **Second** Class of the Maine State Lottery, which was drawn on the 25th July. Several handsome prizes were sold at BARTON'S. Next Monday the **Third** Class will draw, which contains prizes of 5000—2000—1500—1200, and 20 of 1000 dollars, with a large number of others. Tickets only four dollars—Quarters one. If you want prizes call or send to BARTON'S.

Norway, Aug. 3.

SAFFLOWER PRINTS.

FIVE Cases New and Elegant PRINTS, this day received. Also a great variety of NEW GOODS, all very cheap. T. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, July 28.

ELEGANT WHITE NAVAR HATS.

ONE case (very nice) white Navarino Hats, just received from New York, for sale at 50 cts. each.

T. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, July 28.

WANTED,

TWO Tons of Good HAY, for which Cash will be paid. Inquire at this office. Aug. 3.

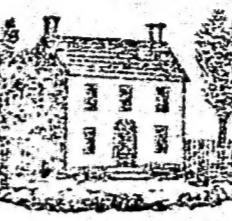
TRAVELING BASKETS.

1000 just received and for sale cheap by T. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, July 28.

STOCK OF GOODS FOR SALE & STORE TO LET.

THE Subscriber wishing to close his business at Craigie's Mills, (Oxford,) offers his whole Stock of well selected Goods, on very reasonable terms to any persons who wish to purchase the same and give good security.

 ALSO, his STORE to Let, which is a first rate Stand for any term of years.

And hereby gives notice to all indebted to him either by note or account over one years standing, that unless they are paid or good security given by the first of November next, they will be left with an attorney for collection.

WINTHROP B. NORTON.
July 28, 1829.

46

ASA BARTON, Agent,

HAS just received a small lot more of those China and Earthen Tea Sets, which were so justly esteemed for beauty and cheapness. Also Glass, tea and Cup Plates, new style. Likewise Glass Dishes, Lamps, Tumblers, Wines, Gilt and Mahogany framed Looking Glasses, &c. which will be sold very cheap.

As above, a few bushels of Good Corn, at four shillings the bushel.

Norway Village, July 28. 3w

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE Fall Term in Hebron Academy will commence on Wednesday the 12th day of August next. Youths of both sexes attending this school, may expect proper attention to their Instruction, Morals, and Comfort.

JOHN TRIPP, Sec'y.
July 23, 1829.

3w

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

MISS R. HUMPHREY will commence a School for the instruction of Young Misses in the Solid and Ornamental branches; on the first Monday in August next, in Norway Village. Terms of tuition from \$2,00 to \$2,50 per Quarter.

July 21, 1829.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

*** * Observe that none are genuine without the written signature of T. KIDDER, on the outside printed wrapper.**

*** * A large discount made to those who buy to sell again.**

August 4. 64w

SHEETINGS, SHIRTINGS, TICKINGS, CHECKS, &c.

TEEN Bales, just received and for sale low by T. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, July 28.

JUST Published and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the subscriber;

SERMONS ON WAR,

by Rev. THOMAS T. STONE, lately Pastor of the Congregational Church, in Andover. These Sermons contain no sectarian sentiments but are calculated to show that war and fighting are contrary to the pure and peaceful principles of Christianity. The Book is handsomely printed on good paper and contains six Sermons, at the low price of twenty-five cents.

ASA BARTON, Agent.

July 13.

OIL CLOTHS.

ONE Case containing 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4 Oil Cloths, this day received and for sale low by

T. O. BRADLEY.

Portland, July 28.

A YOUNG WOMAN.

Is wanted immediately, to do the house work in a small family, for a Lady in Portland, to whom good wages will be given. For particulars inquire of ASA BARTON, General Agent.

Norway July 13.

3w

MERINO BOMBAZINES.

ELEGANT 6-4 black Merino Bombazines of a superior quality.

OXFORD OBSERVER.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

A MOTHER'S LAMENTATION AT THE GRAVE OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

MARIA LOUISA.

Alas, and dost thou slumber here,
Around my babe, I will draw near—
To calm my troubled breast;
With care I've search'd my dwelling through,
The grove and flowery garden too,
There once a welcome guest.

I saw with flowers thy pathway sown,
Thy little hands so late had strown,
The impress of thy feet;
I stood benumbed with pensive grief,
The roses pale and faded leaf—
Did lend no smiles, but weep.

With hurried steps I left the scene,
Conducted by pale Cyathia's beam,
Hope stifled every fear;
With bending form and silent tread,
Approach'd the mansions of the dead,
To find Maria there;

When nearer to the gate I drew,
A graceful form I stood to view,
Who held within her hand
A silver lamp, whose glimmering light
Pierce'd the dark shades of murky night,
By evening breezes fann'd.

"Thou'rt welcome here, this light is peace,
Thy tearful eyes from weeping cease,"
Said smiling, "enter in;"
Then pointing to a new-dug mound,
"There sleeps thy babe beneath the ground,
There sit you down and sing."

And dost thou slumber here so long?
Can I not wake thee with my song,
By me thou art not seen;
I've brought with me thine auburn hair,
I've wove for thee a garland fair
To deck thy turfy green;

Rest, gentle rest, in sweet repose,
Methinks I see thine eyelids close'd,
And hear thy long-lost breath;
Or art thou dress'd in a white robe,
A narrow coffin thine abode,
I ask can this be death.

* * * * *
This turf a pledge of Heaven doth hide,
A Father's joy, a Mother's pride,
'Tis true affection binds
When oft encircled in my arms,
Though gone yet still its lovely charms
Around the heart entwines;

I saw my babe by sickness pain'd,
I saw death's arrows round it aim'd
To pierce its tender heart;
Behold what sorrow hath chill'd my breast,
With deeper grief a Father priest,
I said "in peace depart."

But when thou wert forever dead,
Thy infant spirit upward fled,
And did I say "too soon,"
I said, "kind Heaven my infant bless,
O! take Maria to thy rest,
In beauty fair to bloom."

Fair flowers I laid around thy head,
To deck thy cold and lonely bed,
To wither with thy cheek;
Fast are they fading now by thee,
Not one pale blossom canst thou see,
But still in death must sleep.

Thy warmest bed is earth's cold clay,
For thee I sing this mournful lay,
Thou canst no song repeat;
I'll touch my harp's soft plaintive string,
At eve, when zephyr damps her wing,
Thus lowly t'ry my seat.

O memory! sweet forever be,
Shall oft my babe by fancy see,
And kiss its crimsoned cheek;
Or oft when night's dark mantle's spread,
More fondly clasp them in the bed,
In dreams forgetful sleep.

As oft as winter frown's in storms,
Mild summer clothes with green the lawns,
And moon and stars appear;
When Autumn strews her leaves around,
And Spring returns to flower the ground,
I'll ask admittance here.

Then while I near to wisdom drew,
"Now hold thy lamp to guide me through,
O, grant me this desire."
She pointed to the other side,
Another female form I spied,
Array'd in neat attire.

She smil'd, approach'd, and reach'd her hand,
"Here in the gloom of night I stand,
And shall for many years;
I dwell around the silent dead,
On those that weep a balm I shed,
And dry the mourner's tears."

I spoke the next moon's brighter wane,
Angelic Queen, what is thy name?
Thy looks divinely fair,
"Tis Resignation, madam, dear,
Whist by my side thou needest not fear;
I banish grief and care."

"And now depart no more to weep,
Oft art here my name repeat,"
When thus did Widom say,
While pointing to the Heavens above,
"There's happiness and perfect love
In one celestial day."

Pain wouldst thou wish that land to see,
I'll take thy hand, come, follow me,
This lamp thy feet shall light;
We'll range the fields thro' Summer flowers,
Love sits reclin'd in shady bower
Thy friendship to invite.

For long that moon no light diffuse,
The twinkling stars their stations lose,
No more shall sound the knell;
Soon shall you walk that golden street,
With outstretched arms, Maria meet,
And there forever dwell.

ALPHA BETA.

Livermore, July 15th.

THE MAID OF THE BERYL.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

Concluded.

The room in question was an exact square, with a dome roof. The walls were hung with crimson cloth, on which numerous hieroglyphics were curiously wrought; and the floor was covered with that rare article of oriental luxury, a Persian carpet. In the centre of the dome was a sky-light, from which was suspended a beryl, of extraordinary size, brilliance, and of the form of a globe. The rays of the full moon fell directly on this precious stone, from which they were so reflected as to illuminate the room which was small, and completely surrounded by a divan or sofa, except at the east end, which was occupied by a white

marble sarcophagus, filled with pure water, on each side of which stood beautiful statues of Egyptian Isis.

Essex had scarcely had time to notice the objects in this singular boudoir, when Arsinoe entered, bearing in her hands a resplendent lamp. She was splendidly attired in the costume of her country, and exhibited in her carriage the majesty of a princess; while her graceful form, regular features, and finely-tinted complexion, confirmed the previous impression of her extraordinary beauty. Her countenance mingled with the lofty expressions conferred by conscious power, anxiety and solemnity, and since the Earl did not advert to their former meeting, but merely announced himself as the friend of the Italian merchant, Arsinoe received him as such by a silent movement. When he proceeded to inquire if her prophetic powers were connected with the precious stone before him, she replied, "Yes, it is in the destiny as my instructors see it meet to reveal. He who has lifted his hand against his fellow men cannot distinctly discern those images which will shortly people the beryl and the charms of its possessor.

The history of this nobleman, his rapid rise to almost sovereign power, his secret marriage with the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, and his unfortunate end are known to every one. It is probable that when he received from the queen that ring, which the cruelty of his enemies eventually rendered useless to him he thought of the adventure of this memorable night; but no part of this story induces us to conclude that it dwelt upon his mind. As a warrior or a statesman he was too perpetually employed to look back on that action, which he probably considered as the frolic of a boy or the sin of a legislator.

Far different were the feelings of Arsinoe, knelt down, and gazed on the eastern side. "I see," said she, "the queen of these realms riding through a camp prepared for battle, and you, as the master of the horse accompany her.—The pageant changes—you return home from foreign conquest, and your sovereign now receives you rather with the tenderness of a woman than the condescension of majesty. You kneel at her feet, and rise Earl Marshall of England."

At these words, Essex sprang from his seat, as if to convince himself of the fact; but the eastern maid waved her hand majestically, as one born to be obeyed, and placed herself at the southern side of the beryl as soon as he was re-seated and silent.

"I see you again kneeling, but it is by the side of a young and beautiful woman. Her shape is fair, her eyes dark, her complexion of Northern whiteness; but there is an expression of melancholy in her countenance. She is the widow of one whose name will go down to posterity with honors even brighter than yours.—Ah! she listens to your vows, she receives from you a ring—that ring I see in the heavens—it is the harbinger of sorrow to the giver and receiver."

Your spirits play you false, fair damsel, Robert Devereux is as little likely to wed a young widow as an ancient maiden.

It is written here—she is your wedded wife now, and will be another's in days to come.

A sigh of unutterable anguish followed this declaration, and the fair sorceress, changing her situation, gazed eagerly on the western side in silence until her auditor inquired what she beheld.

I see battle and victory, honor and anger; the presumption of a favored subject, the weakness of an aged queen. Again the guerdon valor is bestowed on you, but enemies are around, and the whispers of calumny assail you. The sovereign gives a ring as a pledge of safety, but trust not to it. Now I behold you again at the head of armies, but your look is dispirited, and rather besetting an exile than a general.

That is not the expression I should choose to wear, or can brook to consider. Try me on the fourth part of your magic globe, my sybil."

Arsinoe fulfilled the wishes of her impatient guest. She bent her dark eyes on the Northern quarter of the beryl with a penetrating gaze, but in a moment recoiled—then looking again and shrieked aloud. The Earl rose in alarm, and approached close to the beryl; but when he reached it the forms became indistinct, the supernatural expansion was withdrawn, and the precious stone remained in its natural state. Casting his eyes around in disappointment not unmixed with terror, he perceived Arsinoe pale and senseless on the floor, her fine features bearing the impression of that agony which had given her temporary death.

Alas! why did I come hither? why did I dare like Saul, to seek the knowledge which God has hidden? were the first exclamations of the Earl, whose religious principles, deeply imprinted by a pious father, now rushed upon his mind, and while they condemned him for the sin of seeking forbidden knowledge, prohibited further inquiry as to the object which had so deeply afflicted Arsinoe. Pity for her state, indeed soon obliterated every other impression; he bore her to the sarcophagus, sprinkled her temples and hands with the water, and, as life returned, soothed her by gentle words, indicative of pity towards herself, unmixed with those inquiries which it would have embarrassed her to answer.

Casting upon him a look of animated gratitude, which was followed by one of the sincerest compassion. Arsinoe arose and with great solemnity loosened the golden chain by which the beryl was suspended, and suffered it to drop on the floor, saying at the same time in a voice of deep emotion, "I resign thee forever."

Scarcely did the earl, as a Christian, rejoice in a resolution which he considered to be for the soul's health of one in whose well-being he felt deeply interested; but, in congratulating so young and fair a woman, it is but too possible that the ardor and tenderness of his nature might express too strongly the feelings of the moment. It is at least certain that, fearful of the power of Arsinoe, or of his own susceptibility, the Earl hastily fled from her presence, and endeavoured, in the career of ambition, and pleasures of literature, to banish from his mind both the predictions of the beryl and the charms of its possessor.

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The best remedy for injuries, is not to remember them.

MORE NEW GOODS AT BARGAINS!!!

JUST received 38 Packages of BRITISH AND DOMESTIC PIECE GOODS,

Which will be sold at much lower prices than usual.—Purchasers will do well to look at this lot—as they contain some very fine Bargains.

No. 7, Mussey's Row, Middle-street, Portland, JOHN DOW.

June 25. 1 6w

BROADCLOTHS—VERY CHEAP.

50 Ps. Black, Blue, and Fancy colors, from 1.25 to 12.50 per yard, and at least 25 per cent cheaper than ever before offered by THOMAS O. BRADLEY.

ALSO AS ABOVE:

3 1-2 pairs Patent Pistols,
2 Percussion Fowling Pieces,
1 Elegant Sword,
4 or 5 Elegant Looking-Glasses,

Purchased at Auction and will be sold very cheap.

Portland, June 23.

CROCKERY WARE.

H. WHITMAN,

AT the store formerly occupied by Leach & Whitman, No. 6, Merchant's Row, keep constantly on hand, assorted crates for country trade. Former customers of L. & W. are requested to call.

Portland, June 17, 1829.

MERINO SHAWLS.

3 CARTOONS "Lupin's best" scarlet, blk. and white long and square Merino SHAWLS, with worsted borders.

ALSO—

Elegant white 4-4 and 6-6 Thibet Shawls, a beautiful article. Just received and for sale cheap by T. O. BRADLEY,

No. 6, Mussey's Row.

Portland, May 26.

PLOUGHS! PLOUGHS!

J. B. CROSS & CO.

Nos. 4, 5, and 6, Union Street, would solicit the attention of Farmers to Freeborn's "New-York improved patent Ploughs." J. B. C. & Co. are authorized by the inventor, to warrant them to perform in all kinds of soil, and to be perfectly strong, and will be sold at a less price than any other similar ploughs. Farmers who intend purchasing this article for the next season, will find it economy to try Freeborn's

Portland, Dec. 30. 1f36

VELVET CLOTHS.

A FEW pieces elegant black and blue Velvet Cloths, of a very superior quality.

Also, Elegant Olives and Browns, of every variety of shade, just received and for sale cheap, by T. O. BRADLEY,

No. 6, Mussey's Row.

Portland, May 22.

CELEBRATED ITCH & SALT RHEUMATISM OINTMENT.

PREPARED by Joel Miller. The great

and merited reputation this ointment has acquired affords ample and conclusive proof of its being a cheap and efficacious cure for the Itch and Salt Rheum, and for many other eruptions of the skin, and may be used with safety by the most delicate constitutions for sale by John F. Reeves, Druggist, Exchange-street, Portland, sole agent for the N. E. States, where Druggists and others are solicited to call or send their orders to his address either for cash, credit or on commission.

The ointment is kept by Druggists in all the principal towns. For sale at the Oxford Book-store, by Asa Barton, Agent.

Norway, Feb. 9. 1y0cc

NEW GINGHAM, NEW PRINTS, &c. &c.

150 PIECES English and starch Ginghams, very handsome and very cheap.

500 Pieces British and Domestic Prints, and a great variety of other New Goods, cheap,

1f36 This day received and for sale by THOMAS O. BRADLEY.